

# *THE STUDENT'S PEN*



*MARCH 1941*



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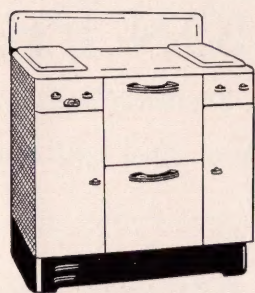
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# The Student's Pen

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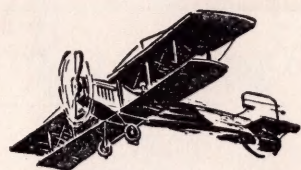
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## Table of Contents

	Page
ON THE EDITOR'S DESK . . . . .	5
WHO'S WHO . . . . .	14
SCHOOL NOTES . . . . .	19
ATHLETICS . . . . .	23
ALUMNI NOTES . . . . .	25





## A WISH FOR WINGS

*By Margaret Walsh*

Swiftly on wings of silver,  
A plane passed by in flight,  
Humming its bird-like journey  
Onward into the night,  
Over the snow-capped mountains  
That reach to a purple sky.  
I watched with awesome envy  
This giant eagle fly.

If I but had the power,  
Or yet the wings to soar  
High up where my burden of trouble  
Would weigh my heart no more,  
I'd trade all earthly treasures—  
My life I'd give away  
Just to have this freedom  
Forever and a day.



## ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

*7/24/1910*

## March

*By Helen S. Wade*

MARCH is a drear and yet hopeful month. It seems to typify the old saying that all is darkest just before the dawn. The last month in which King Winter reigns, March bears the brunt of the argument between winter and spring. But Winter is fighting a losing battle, and must slowly relinquish his scepter to the gentle sway of returning Spring. He is in a bad humor during this losing battle and gives us bleak, windy days and cold, starless nights. In these nights with the absence of any hopeful ray of light, nature seems very unfriendly—and yet we must remember that immediately after this dark period will come the dawn of a new day. After the dismal month of March, comes the most hopeful season of the year—Spring.

Our lives, too, are like that. We have "March" days in which all the world seems to have gone wrong, when the sun is under a cloud. Just as we cannot always dwell in the crisp air of October or the lazy comfort of July, so we cannot keep ourselves always in the sunlight of happiness or success. We must all at some time or another encounter "March" days. And it should be so; for direct sunlight would be as uncomfortable as continual shade and as disastrous to healthful living.

Even our world seems to have "March" periods, times of storms and uprooting winds. Our world today is very clearly in this month named for Mars, God of War, with wars raging in Europe and the Orient.

"March winds bring May flowers" is another old expression that can be fitted to our lives. Some of the greatest deeds and men have emerged from the most sorrowful and disheartening experiences. Some of Beethoven's greatest works were produced when he was approaching total deafness. His art and courage rose far above the common level; for it was at this time that he wrote his second symphony, "the most brilliant and triumphant piece that had ever been written up to that time." Rembrandt, too, triumphed in the face of adversity. In the dark year of 1656 when he was declared bankrupt, driven from his home, and left friendless, he produced some of his greatest works. As steel is tempered by intense heat, so the character and purpose of men are purified and strengthened in the fiery furnace of adversity and sorrow.

So then, when we experience a "March" day or become discouraged with world affairs, we would do well to remember the turbulent third month that every year is followed by spring—and hope in the rebirth of the world.



# In Defense of Humor

By Don Moynihan

IT has been said that there is humor in Heaven, and I am willing to believe it. "Sure a little bit of Heaven fell from out the sky one day," and the bit is no other than the Emerald Isle, the cradle of the world's wit! There is an auspicious coincidence then in the fact that the birthdays of St. Patrick and of Mars, the God of War, should occur in the same month. In a world which goes mad every few decades, when destruction whirls around the universe, Celtic humor comes to the rescue and with it, comes courage. Sense of humor, then, may well be considered the sixth sense.

In our plans for national defense in which high school boys and girls will play an important part, let us include the practice of humor, defined as "a sudden and ingenious association of ideas, or words, causing surprise or merriment." Wit, with accompanying laughter, lifts up the spirit. Another definition of humor is given as "the reasoning power or faculty." Since humor is identified with intellect and reasoning, the witty brethren cannot be considered fools. In the solemn days of the Middle Ages, kings required court jesters to divert and advise their royal masters. No fools were they, but wise fellows.

Humor is kind and human. In a world peopled with the humorous, who can laugh at themselves, as well as at others, there would be no wars, because there would be no hate. As we gaze upon the dictators of Europe, we find no humor—only grinning malice. If Hitler and Mussolini would pause long enough to look at themselves and consider how ludicrous are their posturing and pretense, they would laugh to high heaven, and our war problem would be solved.

We Americans have always cherished the humorist who could lighten the serious busi-

ness of living. Washington appreciated the saving Celtic humor of his Irish soldiers during the dark days of Valley Forge. History records that he was happy to be made a member of the Sons of St. Patrick. In the nineteenth century Mark Twain, the lovable humorist, pictured in amusing portrayals the typical American boy of that period. Our own Josh Billings of Lanesboro humorously enlivened the Berkshires with unique writings on the current doings of his day. Oliver Wendell Holmes, once a distinguished summer resident of Pittsfield, poked much fun at the manners of the Victorians. He was a man of great gifts, yet he included humor in his writings. His "One Hoss Shay" very fittingly rests in our museum. James Whitcomb Riley, too, wrote happily and amusingly about the simple life of rural America. In the twentieth century beloved Will Rogers brought laughter into every home with his quaint, witty philosophy on American living.

These men and others equally famous will live forever in American hearts for their service in easing the tension of life. But can anyone name a shrine built in memory of a man of gloom? No. Then I say, "More and better humor"; and in this month of March, let us, as a school body, take up the subject in earnest. In other words, let it be our *modus vivendi* in the serious days that lie just ahead.

## ON FAME

Said the Gloomy Dean to the Melancholy Dane,  
 "We're the only 'glooms' that have ever won fame."  
 "To laugh with the world is best, I ween,"  
 Sighed the Melancholy Dane to the Gloomy Dean.

—Anon

# Spring Trouble

By Kevin Lynch

IT was March twenty-first, and Johnny Dawes sat on the window seat of his room at Hollis Hall, looking worriedly across the college yard. The window was thrown open to admit the sweet-smelling air, scented faintly with the first tantalizing fragrance of spring.

Johnny removed his bone-rimmed spectacles, ran his fingers through his Harvard crew-cut, and sighed ominously, as he thought of the parting ahead.

For a freshman, Johnny was unusually conscientious. Whenever he felt obliged to make an important decision, he considered carefully what his mother in Pittsfield might think of the matter, as well as what his college friends might think. Such soliloquies led generally to a stiff mental conflict. His mother's ideas, he usually concluded, would differ radically from those of the boys in the entry.

His whole gang disapproved of Johnny's affair. They had minced no words about the matter, much to Johnny's mortification, when Jimmy Snoop, his roommate, had informed them of the entire matter just before the Christmas holidays. Johnny blushed when he remembered their unsparing criticism. They wouldn't be seen out with such a looking thing, they told him with brutal frankness. It bothered Johnny, because he knew that no abrupt separation could be effected without displeasing those at home. He had talked it over with his mother during the vacation and Mater had vigorously objected to his proposal of an early separation.

"You must never be the victim of silly human respect," Mrs. Dawes had counselled. Johnny's father had chimed in with the observation that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, and Johnny knew what Dad meant by that. He promised then to be very circumspect in the matter of parting, declaring that he would time the occasion with rare judgment reinforced with patience.

Johnny felt that tonight was the night for action. He could not seem to bear the humiliation of his classmates' disapproval much longer. He tried to appraise the matter carefully, while in the back of his mind he admired the classic magnificence of Widener, and the simple perfection of white-spired Memorial Chapel. He looked plaintively at the figure of John Harvard, seated on his stone pedestal across the court-yard, and wondered if that famous fellow had had spring problems too, when he had travelled in the flesh. He saw students drinking from the shining bubbler below, and he speculated about their possible troubles in the restive season.

Through the bare, gnarled branches of a giant oak which overhung the facade of Hollis Hall, Johnny caught sight of one especially brilliant and unwavering star. He wished for the unvacillating steadfastness of that heavenly body.

"Should mother expect me to cling too long to the childish things of Pittsfield days?" he questioned. Then he was harried by the thought of the impending separation. They had been so close for so long! Nothing had come between them, Johnny realized. After the parting there might be some miserable days.

"Be a man, not a mouse," said a funny little voice in Johnny's mind. "You're on your own now; don't be a softie," the voice persisted.

Johnny closed the window and undressed with hectic speed. He picked up the last garment he had taken off, and walked across the room with it, with particular dispatch. In front of the laundry chute he stopped and exclaimed with dramatic inflection: "The time has come when you and I must part." Then he flung the funny-looking thing into the gaping mouth of the chute, with the tender words: "Oh, dear, old woolen union suit—goodbye!"



# Chapeaux Bas!!

By M. Criscitiello

Prologue:—

Gather 'round ye honest men  
And help me plead my cause;  
I come to wrest the fate of hats  
From women's painted claws.

**F**RENCH is a delicate language. This is a delicate subject. It would never do to use the vulgar English expression, "hats off." Therefore I say, "chapeaux bas," instead. Perhaps it might be more apropos to say "chapeaux—bah!" Yes, there we have it,—the essence of my trend of thought!

In the vague and ancient past, Egyptians were wont to wear a bit of colored cloth on their heads as a protection against the hot and sickening rays of the desert sun. These hats, in time, became quite graceful, exemplifying the excellent taste of the people of "Good Queen Cleo"—yet they served a purpose!

Then we advance a few centuries in history and find the not-quite-so-ancient Greeks and Romans encasing their crania in shining metal helmets, which served as barriers against any wandering stones and arrows. Like the people of the Nile, the brave warriors of noble Caesar's army attempted to shape their iron hats in the most attractive and becoming way possible. So it has been down through the ages. The Norsemen, the Scots, the Indians, and even the Mexican peasants, all wore hats which were practical, yet as beautiful as their owners could design them.

At last, however, we come to our own day—a day in which women have taken over control of the world of fashion. Free from the steady, restraining influence of men, women are letting their imaginations run riot, and the result is this fantastic headgear that women call hats. Alas! No longer is the hat a practical and beautiful article as once it was. It has been distorted and disfigured until one finds it difficult to decide whether it is a hat, a shrimp salad, or a dish mop.

Yet women take as much pleasure in collecting these hats as Geronimo did in amassing his share of human scalps. They go about with triumphant smiles, exhibiting their latest monstrosity to other women who gaze in envious admiration.

To find ample evidence of this insane trend, it is only necessary to step inside any millinery shop. Immediately one will see about him in show cases, in gilded glass boxes, in windows before the public eye, poor, hapless remnants of the once noble hat.

Here is a sorrowful specimen dyed a hideous pink. It looks like a nightmare that would cause even Dali to drop his brush and flee in terror. Yonder is a feather-laden monstrosity as uneven in harmony as the discords of Stravinsky. Probably some unfortunate chicken gave his last plume to be stuck in its cursed brim!

But why should I go to the trouble of describing these "follies in felt"? You men see them every day on the streets. You too, no doubt, have been overwhelmed with wonderment and awe. Feathers brushing in our faces, blinding colors flashing in our eyes, grotesque shapes disturbing us even in our sleep, yet it is we men ourselves who are called upon to finance any expenditures mounted up against our will!

Let us restrain ourselves no longer. It is time to act! Let our protests be heard! Go forth and ring the Bell of Atri which will free us from this plague. We have had enough forced upon us!

Let us destroy every piece of headgear that does not do honor to its tribe. If need be, we can band together to form an organization to accomplish our work. Yes, I can see it now, in big red letters, S. R. S. R. H. (Society for the Restoration of Self-Respect to Hats)!

(Continued on page 18)

# Return-by Mail

By Fred Cande

**N**ORTH Creek, Kansas, was one of those sleepy, little midwestern towns that seem to have sprung up for no reason whatsoever in the very center of nowhere. A long, dusty highway was the only entrance to the phlegmatic hamlet, a straight stretch of unpaved road which led, it seemed, straight to the horizon. The only awakening of the townspeople occurred when the farmers harvested their wheat, and then, for a short time, all was frolic and festivity; but soon even this was over, and the townspeople settled into their characteristic lethargy. In this sort of town you may well imagine one's personal affairs were soon the affairs of everyone else, and so it was that everyone knew that the Widow Richards's only son had left home. Opinion was divided, but most agreed that it was a shame that a fine woman like the widow should be plagued with such an ungrateful son.

It was a beautiful morning in July, the hot Western sun had not yet reached the stage where it had dissipated the night's dew deposit, which lay like a silver blanket on the ground. Anna Richards hummed softly to herself as she prepared breakfast for her nineteen year old son. It was his first day home from college, and he was to spend the whole summer with her. They had spent an especially happy evening the night before, with talk of school and old friends and even the war in Europe.

"What a brave fight those Britians are putting up," Bert had said, and Anna Richards had agreed with her son. Now, as she busied herself preparing his breakfast, thoughts of a whole summer with him brought a sparkle to her eyes.

"Bert," she called, going to the foot of the stairs, "breakfast is ready." No answer. "Now what can he be up to?" she mused. She called again, but no cheery response answered

her call. A frown darted for a moment across her face, but then a twinkle crept into her eyes. "He must be still asleep." She crept softly up the stairs and opened his door. Her body became frozen, a look of horror swept across her face, and a sob escaped her lips. The room was empty! Her son was gone. On the bureau where their pictures had stood side by side, only his remained; and stuck into the frame was a note. With trembling hands she picked it up and read:

"Dearest Mother,

I have just realized that I have a job to do, a task that has been flickering in the back of my mind for some time now. I cannot tell you just yet what this task is, but I believe it is right, or I would never leave you. I hope that you will find it in your heart to forgive me. Do not worry if you do not hear from me because I shall not write until the job, or at least my share of it, is done. All I ask is that you trust me and be brave.

Bert"

For an interminably long time the woman stood gazing at the note, tears streaming down her face, but a faith in her son, cultivated by long years of mutual trust, soon broke through the barrier of her first disappointment, and a wry smile appeared in place of the tears. Yet the day had lost its beauty, and many months were to pass before any peace came to the heart of the Widow Richards.

A year and a half passed, and there was still no word from the wanderer. The town had forgotten about him and turned to more recent subjects of gossip, but the widow still hoped. Each day she waited eagerly for the postman, but a negative shake of the head was her only reward.

Christmas passed, and soon the new year would break with new hope in the hearts of men. Overseas, the brave resistance of the



English had proved that the dictators were not invincible.

"How that news would please Bert," thought Anna Richards, as, on New Year's Eve, she sat in an armchair before the fireplace and watched the flames parading their splendor before her weary eyes. As she gazed, a face seemed to form before her, the face of her son. The face smiled for a moment, then vanished, and as it did, there came a knock at the door. With a cry she leaped from her chair, crossed the room, and opened the door. Outside, however, she saw only Sam, the postman.

"Sorry to disturb you so late, Anna, but this letter just came for you, and it looks like the one you have been waiting for."

"Thank you, Sam. Please come in." So saying, she looked down at the envelope she held in her hand. In the upper left hand corner was the seal of the British Royal Air Corps. Hesitantly she opened the letter. Inside, was another letter written in the familiar scrawl of her son, but there was also a note from the Government of England.

Albert Richards, Lieutenant in His Majesty's Air Corps was killed in action after displaying courage above the call of duty. One of the finest men ever to fight in His Majesty's service. A loss to us which can be measured only by your own. Enclosed is a letter which we were instructed to send to you only in case of his death.

Slowly she opened the letter from her son. "My dearest Mother,

When and if you receive this letter, I shall have already crossed the dividing line. My only regret is that it will separate me from you for a short time longer. When I left, I told you I had a job to do, but that I was uncertain as to what it was. I soon realized that it was in the service of England, which was even then fighting a force which has so long been an enemy of mine. After my preliminary training I was assigned to an airdrome in England. Censorship forbids me saying

where. We have been in the thick of the fight from the start, going up as many as three or four times a day. Many times we were outnumbered; often we were outflown; but never, never were we outfought. I have never seen anything like the spirit of these Britishers. Know this, dear mother, I have never shirked. I have given my all, and now I can begin to see that the job is nearly done. Perhaps you cannot see it. It may be some time before you can, but I feel I have had my little part in a job well done. I must go up again now. Perhaps I shall never return. That decision is in abler hands than mine, but I hope that knowing I have fulfilled my parting promise, will make your grief easier to bear. I am not afraid, and in the words of my buddies, I will say—Cheerio!

Your loving son,  
Bert"

Sam, who had remained quiet during the widow's perusal of the fateful message, spoke, "Is there something wrong, Anna?"

She looked up, her eyes wet with tears. "No, Sam, nothing is wrong,—it's all right now!"

### SONNET TO A LADY OF AMBITION

By Mary-Jane Keeney

My beauteous lady's name is June;  
I treasure a curl of hers, a glove,  
And liken her unto a dove;  
When out beneath an August moon,  
A sweet, romantic verse I croon  
To offer her my deepest love,  
While gazing at the stars above  
That glimmer in the velvet gloom.

I beg June to accept my all—  
A shepherd I—to her a flute  
I bring and then a fleecy lamb.  
She has me at her beck and call  
'Til shortly comes a wealthy coot;  
He smiles at June—and me?—I scam!

## Gifts from the Emerald Isle

By Geraldine Sheehan

THE story of Ireland's contribution to civilization is little known. Yet, when the torch of civilization was nearly out, at the time of the destruction of the Roman Empire by the vandals of middle Europe, the Irish race picked up the torch and carried it on, adding to its light their own magnificent contribution.

America's progress in civilization has been so steadily forwarded by the Irish race that Ireland has an undying place in our country's history, for it is a fact that a great deal of what is best and most novel in our own American life owes its beginning to the energy of the Irish.

At our country's very birth, no less than eight of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were of Irish descent. They were George Read and Thomas McKean, of Delaware; Thomas Lynch and Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina; James Smith and George Taylor, of Pennsylvania; Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire; and Charles Carroll, of Maryland.

Among the presidents of the Union which came as a result of the Declaration of Independence and the success of the Revolution, a much larger number than is usually thought were of Irish blood. Some of these were Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley.

Not a great deal is known by the general public about how many Irish there were in this country during the Revolution and how much they contributed to the struggle for independence. The muster roll of the men who fought in the Revolutionary War reveals that there were literally thousands of Irish in the forefront of our nation's defense. The famous Pennsylvania Line was composed to such a large extent of Irish that it was called the "Line of Ireland". Washington often

voiced his praise of the loyalty and integrity of his Irish soldiers, and at all times commended them for their military skill and fearlessness.

Commodore John Barry, an Irishman, by his untiring efforts in organizing our first navy and later fighting in it, has earned his title of "Father of the American Navy". Massachusetts has established a "Commodore John Barry Day", and every year our governor issues a proclamation lauding Barry's work and urging observance of the day.

The hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States absorbed a great many of the Irish men of great intellectual power and fine character. Six of our seven American cardinals—McCloskey, Gibbons, Farley, O'Connell, Dougherty, and Hayes—are among the self-made men in America who have deeply influenced their generation. The archbishops of the country have been not only great churchmen but great citizens.

The history of American journalism is studded with the names of Irish men and their descendants. William Coleman founded the New York Evening Post; Joseph Medill founded the Chicago Tribune; John Burke founded the first daily paper in Boston; William Laffan edited the New York "Sun", and Horace Greeley edited the New York "Tribune". These are only a few of the many able and forcible writers Ireland has given to America.

Peter F. Collier, publisher and philanthropist, was born in Ireland. He was the first publisher to offer books on the monthly payment subscription plan, and by printing editions in inexpensive form, brought the works of standard authors within the reach of a wide public.



A type of Irish initiative that was very valuable to our country in the early period of its history is illustrated by the career of Christopher Colles. Because there were not the necessary funds available in Ireland to carry out his suggestions and plans with regard to inland navigation, he came to this country to achieve the results which were not possible in his native land. DeWitt Clinton, to whom the credit for the construction of the Erie Canal is usually given, has acknowledged the priority of Colles so far as the plan is concerned. Colles was also the first to propose and erect a water supply system for New York City, and he solved the engineering difficulties connected with it.

The builder of New York's subways, John B. McDonald, was an Irishman, as were also George Law, railroad and steamship builder; John Roach, the famous shipbuilder of Chester, Pa.; John Middleton, noted American engineer who completed the Middlesex Canal; and John Murphy, whose ability as a constructing engineer was universally recognized and who rendered valuable service to the United States during the Civil War.

The application of electricity to life and commerce illustrates another phase of the initiative of the Irish race. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was the grandson of an Irishman. It was another Irishman, William Thompson, who did more than any other to bring about the success of the Atlantic cable. The rival system to the Western Union, the Postal Telegraph, was built up mainly by John W. Mackay, who was born in Dublin. It was he who linked telegraph and cable systems together, and who, despite great obstacles, succeeded in laying two trans-Atlantic cables.

There are many other Irishmen whose inventive genius has meant much for the modern world. For instance, the inventor of the submarine was John P. Holland, a native of County Clare, Ireland. During the Civil War, the battle between the Monitor and Merrimac gave him the idea of the submarine. In 1889 the United States government

purchased the Holland and used it as a pattern for additional craft.

McCormick, the inventor of the reaping and mowing machine, which has revolutionized farming and has meant so much for the great farms of our West, was the grandson of an Irishman.

It is not only in the material and practical things of life that the Irish have been leaders. They have also achieved wonderful results in the arts. The songs and operettas of Victor Herbert, who was born in Dublin, have added to the joy of human life for countless thousands of people. Other thousands have thrilled to the voice of John McCormack, the Irish tenor.

Edward MacDowell, one of America's most famous composers, was of Irish descent. Among his greatest compositions are three symphonic poems, "Hamlet", "Ophelia", and "Lancelot and Elaine"; two pianoforte concertos; and four piano sonatas.

John Singleton Copley, the distinguished artist, came to Boston from Ireland. In Boston he had a most successful career as a portrait painter, his two most important portraits being those of John Adams and John Hancock.

The colossal statue, "Liberty," on the dome of the Capitol at Washington, was executed by Thomas Crawford, an American sculptor born of Irish parents. His equestrian statue of Washington now stands in Richmond, Va.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens, one of the greatest sculptors of modern times, was born in Dublin of an Irish mother. After studying in Paris and Rome, he returned to America, where he lifted American sculpture to a very high plane. His important works are his statue of Admiral Farragut, in Madison Square; his statue of Lincoln, in Chicago; his equestrian statue of General Sherman, in New York; his statue of Phillips Brooks, in Boston; and his statue of Parnell, in Dublin.

In the field of literature there are many Irishmen whose works and accomplishments

are admired and loved, not only in America, but throughout the entire world.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier Poet, was of Irish ancestry. He was a true poet of the common people and understood the hopes and joys of their everyday lives. He knew how to bring his readers either to tears or to laughter,—tears, such as have been shed over "Good-bye, Jim" and "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," or the childish laughter that bubbles over when his poems like "The Raggedy Man" and "Our Hired Girl" are remembered and reread. Thousands of his readers loved him for his sentiment, which was expressed so beautifully in "That Old Sweetheart of Mine."

John Boyle O'Reilly, an exile from his native Ireland, enriched our literature in many ways. His great descriptive powers, making his poems, fresh, natural and life-like, have won the hearts of the American public.

No playwright in America has achieved greater success than the Irish-American, Eugene O'Neill. Millions of Americans have been entertained by his many excellent works, especially "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Emperor Jones," and "Strange Interlude." The last mentioned introduced an innovation in drama,—the effective use of secondary dialogue. His worth was acknowledged by the award of the Nobel Prize in Literature, and the Pulitzer Prize three times. His great achievements have placed him far above any other American playwright.

Ireland, through her sons and daughters, continues to contribute to the steady progress of America. Because of the importance of its contributions to American civilization in the past, Ireland will be forever linked with America. Because of the evidence of an inheritance of integrity, loyalty, and patriotism in millions of Irish-Americans today, the loftiest ideal of our American traditions will be preserved. Because of Irish statesmen and soldiers, pioneers and patriots, musicians, artists, and writers, inventors and scientists,—great is America's debt to the Irish.

## SPRING

By Peggy Ann Keeney

Hail to young Love's soft enchantment—  
Hail the sweet and doe-eyed glances;  
Hail the school-books, dust beladen—  
Spring was meant but for romances!  
Hail the bonnet—pert, beguiling;  
Hail the Easter raiment fine;  
Later, when there come the sniffles,  
Hail the nose incarnadine;  
Hail the sulphur and molasses  
Grandma thinks will cure Spring-fever!  
Hail the all-engulfing languor—  
Who *wants* to be a goal-achiever?  
Hail to Spring in all her glory.  
Sun and rain, and budding tree;  
Hail to Spring—bewitching goddess,  
Lovely nymph, all hail to thee!

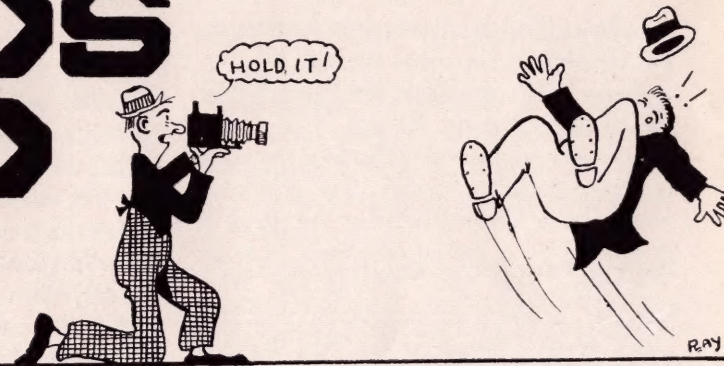
## COGITATIONS

While sitting in study hall the other day, our imaginations began to work overtime and we couldn't help wondering what the state of affairs would be if a few things were changed at P. H. S. What do you think would happen if:—

1. Mr. Strout stopped skiing?
2. Miss MacLaughlin didn't have a gym exhibition?
3. Miss Rhoades got a dent in her beautiful new Buick?
4. Mr. Carey wore orange on St. Patrick's Day?
5. Miss Jordan walked to school?
6. Mr. Joyce gave up acting?
7. Miss Kennedy lost her glasses?
8. Mr. Herberg was teaching English?
9. Miss Pfeiffer gave up THE STUDENT'S PEN?
10. Miss Nagle was ever mean?
11. Mr. Gorman wore a coat to school?
12. Miss Musgrove wasn't watching the girls' lockers?
13. Mr. Leahy stopped chewing gum?
14. Mr. Herrick didn't have a desk?



# WHO'S WHO



Photographs by Donald Clark



## OUR DOTTIE

Students!!! Step up and meet Dorothy Calnan, better known as "Dottie." This young lady is editor of the School Notes in *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, was Chairman of the Program Committee for "The Pirates of Penzance," and is Chairman of the Class History group of the Yearbook Staff. "Dottie" likes wintergreen lifesavers, lemon "cokes," and nice blue eyes, but Donald Duck rates highest in her affections. Next to stubborn people, her pet antipathy is shrimp salad. Don't tell a soul, but her secret ambition is to go to Bermuda.

## STAR DEBATER

Vice-president of the Debating Club, member of *THE STUDENT'S PEN* staff, chairman of the Ring Committee—this is Modestino Criscitiello. "Cris" can usually be found outdoors shoveling snow or walking with his big dog. He tells us that this gives him a wonderful appetite for his mother's delicious meals. He is an excellent student and has an easy, likable manner which makes him popular with all who know him. Whatever field of work "Cris" may enter, his sunny disposition and superior intelligence will surely make him a success.



# The Pirates of Penzance

By Marion Secunda

GILBERT, Sullivan, and Gorman apparently represent an infallible combination, for on the night of February 14th, when the final curtain fell upon "The Pirates of Penzance", it meant the completion of the third successful Gilbert and Sullivan operetta to be presented in as many years by a senior class of Pittsfield High School.

The Class of '41 was no exception in that it possessed singers of sufficient talent to more than adequately fulfill the demands made upon them by the roles they were chosen to play. Calvin Tainter as Frederic, the pirate apprentice, whose real master was his ever-present sense of duty, had such a winning way about him that he soon captured the hearts of the audience (at least, the female portion). Playing opposite him, Cynthia Scribner, beautiful prima donna of P. H. S., maintained her accustomed high standards and delighted all by her pleasing rendition of Mabel. The moonlight scene in which these two sang their touching duet, "Ah, Leave Me Not to Pine Alone", will long remain in everyone's memory.

Adding much to the performance were the strong voice and fine acting ability of Virginia Ranti. So realistically did she portray Ruth, the piratical "maid of all work", that the audience was almost convinced of her forty-odd years and lack of feminine pulchritude—a seemingly impossible feat.

Raymond Sawyer properly terrorized the spectators with his bloodthirsty appearance as Richard, the pirate chief, and then proceeded to charm them with his tender-heartedness for unfortunate orphans. Managing a cut-throat band is no small task, and here Richard was ably assisted by his lieutenant, Samuel, capably sung by John F. Kelly.

Major General Stanley, that fortunate

father of so many beautiful daughters, was convincingly personified by Robert Davis. From his tongue-twisting introduction to his foot-flapping finale, this tall junior thrilled us with his fine voice and tickled our fancies with that English accent which would even have fooled Hitler.

As Edward, the sergeant of police, Richard Hosmer was a decided success. The leg-hitching bobbies obeyed his every command, and their laugh-provoking exhibition of shivers and shakes convinced all that "A Policeman's Lot is Not a Happy One."

Nancy MacVeigh and Jeanne DeLoye did excellent jobs as Edith and Kate, both possessing very pleasing voices. The rest of Stanley's daughters constituted a splendid chorus, which very melodically executed its share of the performance. The General must have been a rich old geezer to outfit his offspring so charmingly.

As the policemen and pirates were both so good, it was hard to decide which side to root for during their battle royal. When justice (disguised as the policemen) triumphed, however, it seemed only right. Besides, the supposed exponents of the "Jolly Roger" later turned out to be noblemen, thus enabling them to win the girls after all—so the most romantic persons in the audience were satisfied.

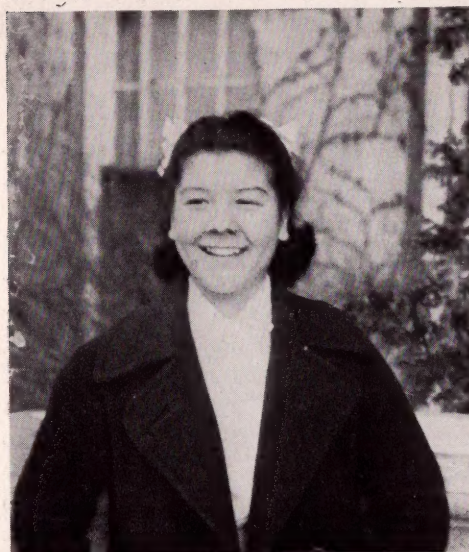
The operetta concluded with the entire cast singing "Poor Wandering One", a very catchy tune which will probably be hummed in the corridors for some time to come.

So naturally did the characters fit into their roles, so effortlessly did the orchestra accompany them, so smoothly did the entire performance progress under the capable hands of Maestro Gorman, that it is easy to pronounce "The Pirates of Penzance" an achievement worthy of the highest praise.



# America, Good Food and Charlie McCarthy!

Editor's Note: The following article was written by June Parker, a member of the Sophomore Class, who has recently come to America from Japan. It shows clearly the love she has for our country. We can only show her by our friendship how happy we are to have her here.  
Irene Cooney



MY most cherished wish has been to come to America and now my wish has come true. I was here eight and one-half years ago, when I went to Plunkett for grade one. In 1932 I returned to Japan where I have lived most of my life. I went to a school called the Canadian Academy. There were about two hundred and twenty children of sixteen different nationalities. The majority of us were Americans, and school was the same as it is here, except that it was on a much smaller scale.

It is very bewildering to me to be coming here to Pittsfield High School, where there are so many rooms and so many pupils. Everybody is very kind and friendly to me. This is indeed a help, because I would not

know what to do if you all gave me the "cold shoulder."

I think America is a wonderful place, but I feel that you who have always lived here do not appreciate all the conveniences here as you should. It is great not having to wait for hours to get a loaf of bread, and the milk here is delicious. I do not seem to be able to get enough of the good food, all of which is remarkably inexpensive.

I just love the clothes, and the radio, and the houses, and —oh, I love it all! It is such a treat to hear Charlie McCarthy. I wish my friends in Japan could share the fun with me.

America is the best country on earth, I am sure, and I am certainly proud to be an American.

## CHAPEAUX BAS!!

(Continued from page 8)

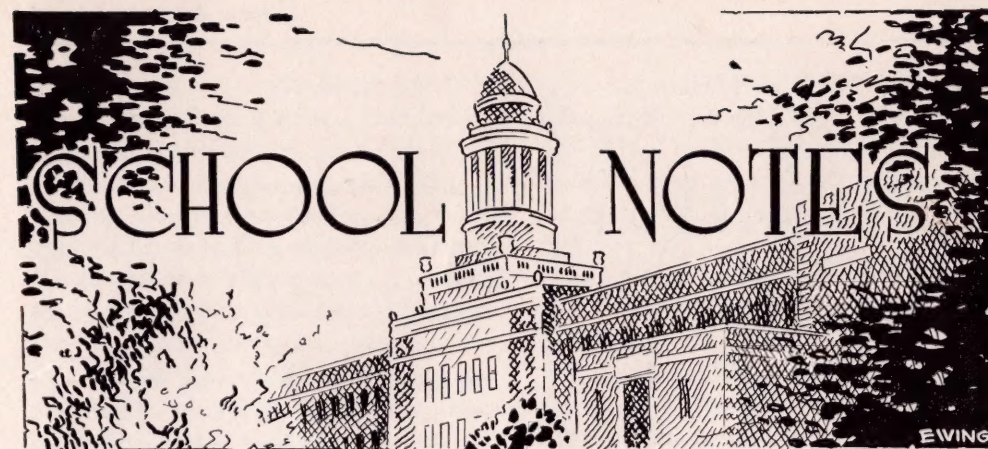
Yet, when our cause has been ascertained, when the world has been restored to normal, we shall look back in retrospect, across the field of battle, and wonder just why women doted on torturing their coiffures.

Why did they delight in crowning themselves with "flower pots" and "lamp shades"? Didn't they feel quite silly wearing anything (and everything) but the kitchen sink on their heads?

For these questions and for the many others that run through manly brains, I confess, there is no answer. Could anyone ever explain those peculiar, awe-inspiring, yet wonderful human beings called "women"?

Epilogue—

Now I face the women's cries,  
All hope for me is passed;  
A martyr to my cause I fall,  
Anon—"The die is cast."



## SENIOR NOTES

If, at the moment, we are strutting about with a more conceited attitude than usual, please forgive us. After all, so far we haven't once said, "We told you so!" We extend our heartiest congratulations and thanks to Mr. Gorman and the other members of the faculty, as well as the cast, chorus, and orchestra. They all helped to make "The Pirates of Penzance" a great success.

If the corridors seem a little empty, it's because fifteen boys have left the senior class to enter the apprentice course at the General Electric Company. Although they've left us for the present, they will graduate in June with their classmates. Good luck to Bernard Feldman, Herbert Flanders, Edmund King, Everett Gleason, Jimmy Burkhardt, John Munch, Don Hurley, Charles Flynn, Dean Haywood, Francis Ryan, Harry Tyler, Roger Gilchrist, William Hanley, Antonio Di Nicola, and William Eagan.

## JUNIOR NOTES

Now that the seniors have presented "The Pirates of Penzance," we are looking forward to our Junior Prom. Confidentially, the boys had better start saving their money again because May fourteenth isn't too far away.

Gloria Granfield, the Chairman of the Good Will Committee, has appointed the fol-

lowing juniors to assist her: Henry Branchi, Virginia Murphy, Frances Herbert, Frederick MacNamee, Marjorie McGrane, Edward Gabree, Priscilla Harmon, William Ennis, Marloe DeBlieux, Ruth Ostrander, Donald St. John, Edward Weiner, Georgia Tyler, Stanley Tyzwieski, Edward Bagdonis, Marjorie Bowerman, and Eleanor Preble.

It won't be long until we juniors will be wearing our rings. Modestino Criscitiello, the Chairman of the Ring Committee, has chosen the following students to assist him with the ring orders: Isabel Shaw, Alma Kingsley, Priscilla Reynolds, Robert St. Clair, William Haskins, and Leonard Drake.

## SOPHOMORE NOTES

On April 18, we'll be in the Gym Exhibition, so just mark the date down on your calendar, and come and see us "strut our stuff" in our yellow gym suits. We promise that we'll steal the show.

We certainly did enjoy the operetta (even if the Pirates scared us just a little) because it gave us the opportunity of staying up until eleven o'clock.

With June fast drawing near, we'll soon be promoted into the junior class, and then our worries will be over. Of course, we'll sorely miss our upperclassmen, but "every cloud has a silver lining."



## FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

Ah, Poetry! Ah, Romance! Ah-ha, Report Cards! The student body of P. H. S. will long remember the fourteenth day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-one. Not only did report cards rear their ugly heads and Cupid shoot his deadly arrows, but the Senior Class presented the operetta, "The Pirates of Penzance" to a large and delighted audience. More than that, the members of the Senior Class got the proofs of their pictures from the Shapiro Studio. "Can this be I?" spoke the intellectuals with their straight A report cards. "Holy cats, brudder, do I look like dat?" shouted the less intelligent. Well, as we see it, it's all in a lifetime and all is forgiven—until we find out who sent us that comic valentine!

## HERE AND THERE

Peeking over a certain senior's shoulder, we discovered him filling in his statistics sheet with his own name all the way down. We ask you, "Is that fair?"

Our heartiest congratulations are in order for Don Clark's excellent picture of snow-laden evergreens on the cover of the February issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Our own class president has gone to the General Electric Company, and we all feel like ships without a rudder.

By the way, speaking of Class Statistics, our favorite subject isn't algebra or Latin—but "Gossip."

More report cards. And this time with little pink slips of paper attached to them. We guess that was sort of a Valentine touch.

Bob Davis certainly looked cute in his red socks in the operetta. And that accent was sort of surprising, too.

There were so many assemblies all at once just a short time ago, but now there seems to be a definite lull—with only departmentals to break the monotony.

## THEY'RE SENIORS:—

When they talk about "school spirit" and "school days being the best time in one's life" . . . when they go without lunch to pay for their rings . . . when they ignore the Sophs . . . when they struggle with their Maplewood Essays . . . when they wander vaguely through the halls talking about Miss Kaliher's matching tests . . . when they speak with pride about "The Pirates of Penzance" . . . when they'd rather flunk a test than miss a basketball game (well, almost rather!) . . . when they walk through the halls with an important, know-it-all expression on their faces!

## THEY'RE JUNIORS:—

When they talk about class meetings and committees for the Prom . . . when they blush furiously as someone yells "Soph!" and then, remembering that they are no longer underclassmen, blush again . . . when they struggle vainly with chemistry experiments—when they assert their importance over the sophs . . . when they gaze with envy on the senior's rings . . . when an Algebra problem seems important enough to lose sleep over . . . when they mourn over the girls they lost to handsome sophs and intelligent seniors!

## THEY'RE SOPHOMORES:—

When they sneak furtively into study halls . . . when they seem startled at the sound of a loud voice . . . when they're not quite five feet tall . . . when they go to the library in the hope of seeing that "certain senior" . . . when they turn pale at the mention of biology class . . . when they watch their keyboards in typing . . . when they get a childish pleasure out of the movies shown in the auditorium . . . when they like to write on the blackboards . . . when they show signs of fatigue around 2.00—since they're missing their naps!

## ASSEMBLIES

## Our National Parks

Mr. Max Gilstrap, the whistling ranger, came to us in place of the fourth A. I. E. E. Assembly. In the introductory talk, before his slides on our National Parks, Mr. Gilstrap fascinated us by whistling in an unusual manner such favorite songs as *The Glow Worm*, *Trees*, *Gypsy Love Song*, and the *Indian Love Call*. He also gave us three interesting lessons on the art of whistling. His colored slides on the Hopi religious snake dance by the Hopi Indians in the Yosemite National Park were indeed weird. His other slides on the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone National Park were particularly impressive. Many of the student body considered Mr. Gilstrap's talk the most interesting of the series, and everyone agreed with Mr. Strout when he said that this handsome ranger had a "likable line."

## VALENTINE GREETINGS

Sweet words of love filled the air, the odor of flowers prevailed throughout the corridors. It was Valentine's Day. Suddenly the door of Room 110 swung open and in walked Cupid—or a reasonable facsimile—and presented a tender Valentine message to a certain teacher. (No, Herbert, we promised we wouldn't tell who it was.) Said teacher duly appreciated the honor bestowed upon her and therefore felt it her duty to repay the sweet sentiment. Suddenly she had an idea and feverishly set about to make her thoughtful admirers happy. Just before the end of the day, two beautiful (?) corsages arrived at 101 and 104. Did they produce the desired results? That, my dear reader, depends entirely on your point of view. Why not ask Mr. Geary and Mr. McKenna?

## THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

If nothing else, the hitherto in-the-dark audience discovered the origin of an old favorite—"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."



By Margaret Walsh

LOTS of new books this month! For young men interested in the field of electricity is Humphrey B. Neill's "Forty-Eight Million Horses." This is the story of electricity from the chemistry of the power plants, which Mr. Neill has explained in simple form, to the thousands of uses to which it is put in industries, on farms, and in practically every home.

A book which should be of vital interest to every student is "Public Speaking Today" by William G. Hoffman, professor of English at Boston University. Professor Hoffman has compiled in this book for students the essentials for the development of imagination, self-reliance, and knowledge of world affairs that make for better speaking.

At last we have for you the book that many have waited long to read. Jack Dempsey's "Round by Round" gives us the vivid, thrilling portrayal of the life of a heavyweight world champion. Though this book, written in collaboration with Myron M. Stearns, pertains mostly to the episodes that have to do with fighting, and not with Dempsey's personal life, it is a thoroughly enjoyable and unusual autobiography. Jack tells of his "growing up in the West", of his early struggles, and finally of the achievements which carried him to the top rung of the ladder. For every young American this story is a "must."

"The Art of Enjoying Music" is another new volume which has recently become a part of our library. The author, Sigmund Spaeth, describes the book as one written for the man who knows nothing about music, as well as for the man who has a vast knowledge of the subject.





By Dick Kaufman

THIS month a new policy is inaugurated in this ha'ar column, that policy being one of less chatter and more platter—now for said policy and some platter chatter.

Again top record honors to BENNY GOODMAN for his sextet's soulful rendition of *As Long As I Live* on which Benny, tenorman Georgie Auld, and Cootie Williams shine particularly brilliantly. Cootie's muted trumpet also sends me on *Superman* (by the band).

WOODY HERMAN'S quartet (clarinet and rhythm) plays *Chip's Blues* and *Boogie Woogie* with much heart . . . That oh-so-perfect band of GLENN MILLER does a ditto job on *Frenesi* and the *Volga Boatman*. . . Listen to Peanuts Hucko's imaginative tenor on WILL BRADLEY'S *This Little Icky Went to Market*. . . CHARLIE (of the tenor sax elite) BARNET and his great band do a fine job on something called *Lumbry*. . . ARTIE SHAW'S *Concerto for Clarinet* is unique to say the most. Incidentally, there's a good band hiding behind that string section. . . BENNY CARTER'S *Boogie Woogie on Sugar Blues* displays the leader's fine alto and sense of humor. . . A prodigious tenor steals the show even from ERSKINE HAWKIN'S trumpet and improved band on *Soft Winds*. . . Mr. Gorman should receive many requests for that new bass fiddle after some of those *sophomores* have heard DUKE ELLINGTON'S bassist Jimmy Blanton on *Pitter Patter Panther*. . . HARRY JAMES'S *Music Makers* is a well-scored opus which gets a good beat, but disappoints if only because

Harry's horn is not featured. . . TONY PASTOR'S records, judging from recent improvement, should soon reach the high mark set by his broadcasts.

#### MINUTE INTERVIEWS

With our last year at P. H. S. rapidly fading into the past, we often stop and wonder just what we enjoyed the most at high school. Your inquiring reporter endeavored to find out just a few seniors' opinions on the question, "What will you miss most when you graduate?"

Vic Thrane—"A good time!"

Dorothy Arigoni—"Study hall."

Warren King—"School."

Mary Broderick—"Everything, I guess."

Don Gabree—"Mr. Lynch's daily lectures."

Mary Byrne—"All the noise."

Leonard Volk—"Night studying before departmentals."

Evelyn Jacob—"The little Sophs struggling to find their whereabouts."

Fred Cande—"Mr. Newman."

Nancy MacVeigh—"Classes of '42 and '43'."

Hans Uhlig—"The things I didn't learn."

Helen Wade—"THE STUDENT'S PEN."

Fred Thrane—"People—ain't they wonderful?"

Evelyn Denno—"Corridor passes between classes."

Charles Sessions—"Edie—of course!"

Rosemary Norton—"Miss Nagle's study hall!"

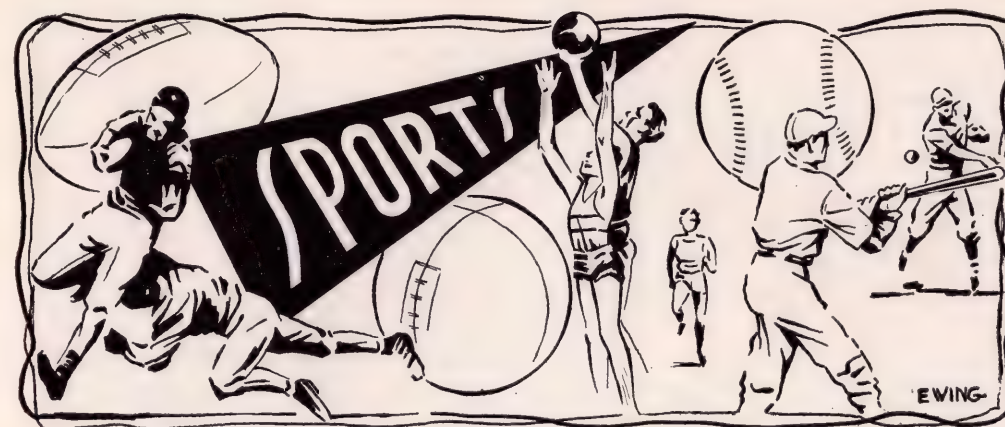
Katherine Jadetz—"The thrill of a seven period day when my homework isn't finished!"

Audrey Mallory—"The mad rush to the cafeteria."

Joe Coughlin—"My classmates."

Martha Chapman—"The unsliced sandwiches in the cafeteria."

Pete Quattrochi—"Mr. Lynch bragging about his 'Studiebaker!'"



#### SYLVESTER'S IRON MEN DEFEAT PITTSFIELD

Or

Too Many Cooks Spoil the Broth

The College Town's five Iron Men, on February 17, forced their way into 3d place position in the Northern Berkshire League, when they stopped at the Pittsfield Armory and engaged the P. H. S. giants in what proved to be a very one-sided struggle.

The Purples, displaying atrocious manners, grabbed the first counter, Bornak scoring from the floor. This "faux pas" irritated Noble of the visitors, who, then proceeded to make good in two free tries. The two teams traded blows for the duration of the first round—er—uh—quarter, with Williamstown finally leading, 9 to 6.

P. H. S. opened the second period with a free try by Bill Hopkins. Henderson was the only other Pittsfield man to score for the remainder of that quarter. Williamstown increased her lead, 16 to 11. After a refreshing intermission, during which time the soda pop and lollypops were circulating freely, and your correspondent prepared to pay off his vainly optimistic wager with a Williamstown fan, the two teams trotted on the court again.

Noble and Coulter increased their team's total to 20. Pittsfield still appeared to be in the contest, as "Bud" Francis was successful in three free tries, and Henderson and Meze-

jewski scored a floor goal apiece. Williamstown, however, led, 24 to 18, when the third quarter came to an end.

The visitors coasted to a safe lead in the final period, and, in the last two minutes Coach Sylvester relieved his Iron Men with five subs, who accomplished nothing, but gained some badly needed practise.

Final score: Williamstown, 34; Pittsfield, 26.

#### THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS—

By R. E. Porter

Remember that ancient saw about "letting George do it?" Well, now he's gone an' done it. Yessir! There have been nasty rumors circulated around to the effect that George is a former Drury man, which is supposed to account for his p-r-r-actically single-handed (not including a few other boys who assisted him a'plenty!) conquest of S. J. H.

Now, my gullible friend, don't believe everything you hear on the high school grapevine. It's strictly malarky, blarney, baloney, and a lot of blather. Just lend an ear in this direction and become aware of the facts! I have been informed by usually reliable sources of the truth of the matter. It appears that George is a genuine native of our charming city, having resided here for the opening chapters of his existence. He actually did attend D. H. S. for two years, but this was



merely an extended visit. His heart remained in Pittsfield—the town of his birth. And, when his two years at Drury were ended, he returned home to give the best years of his high school athletic career to good old P. H. S. But, whoa! I'm going a bit ahead of myself. I can see George now, blushing furiously for fear that I'll have him dead and buried all in print.

Extemporaneously speaking, we haven't got a half-bad cheering section (and I do mean extemporaneous). And speaking of cheers, those St. Joe gals were a bit of all right, also. You know the ones I mean, fellows.

Say, there must be some nice-looking girls in P. H. Why not get together and have a real cheering section? It's food for thought, anyway.

"Bud" Francis "shore" did deliver. He was the little fellow who was paired with G. Henderson at the forward posts. Besides being credited with assists on George's last two baskets (incidentally the winning hoops), he managed to garner four points for himself.

"Big Fred" Zilch was held scoreless in the final period by the defensive efforts of both Joe Masterson and Ted Mezejewski. Joe batted 1.000 for the evening. He attempted two long shots and hooped them both. Zilch had high scoring honors with fourteen points, barely shading our George, who wears jersey number *thirteen*, also made *thirteen* points, which was fatal for the rival Green and Gold.

Lend-lease bills and bloody shirts,

Lollypops and blood-red skirts. . . .

State Armory is certainly a sight for *sore* eyes on basketball nights! The present fad for crimson hues in almost every article of feminine apparel is becoming gruesome. (Isn't it?) While nations across the waters are madly shedding blood and tears, and rulers sit upon their thrones with tongues in cheek, contemplating their military gains (losses), we girls of P. H. S. sprawl upon rough, slivery pine bleachers, flaunting our gay and brilliant

plumage, and suck madly on variegated lumps of hard candy, while contemplating our team's chances for victory.

This is a ridiculous world—where people run around killing each other for rather vague idealistic reasons, and young women threaten permanent injury to their eyesight by the rash use of blazing scarlets in their clothing—where boys and girls gamble with death by strangulation in the form of lollypops suddenly swallowed in some excitement of the moment during the big game. As Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle would say, "People are funnier than anybody!"

### SPORT SHORTS

Flash! ! ! Alvira Bianchi, a sophomore, is high scorer so far in bowling with 111 points. Priscilla Harmon is right on her heels with 106 points.

The Latest! Wanda Woitkowski is high scorer to date in the Round Robin Basketball.

"Believe it or not!" Doris Lovejoy has turned her affections from bowling to basketball.

Don't Faint! ! ! It's really true. Four girls representing our school and representatives of St. Joseph's made up a swimming team and went to East Springfield Saturday, February 15th to compete against the girls' team of that city.

The final score was 27-21 in Pittsfield's favor. Results showed our city placed first in all but one event, the Freestyle Relay.

The four P. H. S. girls were: Marjorie Wallin (backstroker); Charlotte Lipson, (crawl); Jane Warren, (crawl); and Rose Reed, (breast stroker).

Special Notice—Margaret Ward, former member of P. H. S., set a new pool record in Boston, February 8th for the Junior New England 220-yard freestyle. She broke a twelve year old record by 9 seconds. Her time was 2:59.2.

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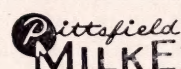
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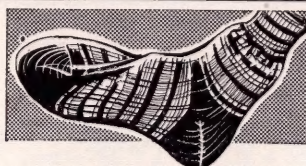
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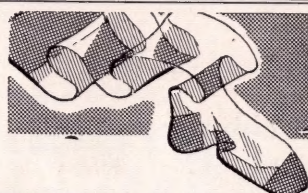
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